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MEMORIAL DAY.

Comrades of the men who gave up their

lives on the battlefield that the American

nation might have to-day to pay the

tribute of brave men to brave men's

memory. To the participants in the

ceremonies at the graves of the slain in the

Memorial Day is with memories of

bivouacs, of deeds of valor, of

bravery and patriotism. To the veterans of the

Grand Army the tomb of Gaius is a

shrine. The Memorial Day ritual of the

Order is a lyric that rises to the

noblest sentiments of the human mind,

and portrays to the living generation the

duties and obligations of American citizen-

ship in a manner that appeals to the finest

impulses of human nature. The love and

admiration of a grateful and enthusiastic

people go out to the graced, maimed,

spirited veterans who march in our streets

to-day, even as it did a generation ago

when they strode down Broadway in full

panoply of real war.

It is meet that Memorial Day should be

a national holiday. The results attained

in battle are the promotion of lasting peace

and a more perfect human brotherhood.

These are causes for rejoicing and none

would participate therein with true patri-

otic ardor than the men whose graves are

decorated with flowers to-day. The day is

a perpetual reminder of the virility of

American manhood. Time has tempered

personal and family griefs. The dead are

the nation's, and the nation glories in the

life insured by the death of its best loved.

It is a lesson of patriotism that is taught

all the observance of the day. May it

sacredness, its joyousness, its full signifi-

cance continue to be borne in upon the

minds of American youth; then the sacri-

fice honored in the ceremonies will not

have been made in vain.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT AN INFLUENCE

on poetical activity surrounds him. Of

course, some people would not write poetry

if they were in Paradise. They haven't the

divine spark within them which kindles to

poetic outbursts. But to those who have

poetic souls, soft skies, verdant hills

and the warbling of birds, the babble of

brooks, the chiming of bells are very

helpful.

MISS MINNA IRVING, the baroness of Tar-

rytown, is based with the opposite of this

sweet environment. One neighbor has

blocked off the scenery with a nasty, tall

fence, and another keeps an ever-changing

stock of dogs, who bark and yelp and bay.

The late dramatic explosion threw Miss

Irving's poetic chords all out of tune, and

now these dogs are driving rhythm and

dreamy thought still further away. So she

has begun to lay her lyre on the back porch

and gone into court.

MISS IRVING is entitled to sympathy, but

her art has dreadful complications. She

means to sue for the loss she has incurred

through the non-productiveness of her

musical owing to the dogs. It will be awfully

hard for twelve poetic citizens to determine

the cost value of this missing quantity.

But the dogs should go. The neighbor

keeps them, it is said, for fighting and for

being boiled down in commercial articles.

But he always has a supply of the unboiled

article on hand, and though the fair singer

reserves her opinion of boiled dog, the fight-

ing, yelping, unboiled canine is the foe of

her poetic soul and she deplores it. Poetry

should have a show. A good poem is worth

more than a bad dog, than a very bad dog,

at all events, and Miss Irving should come

out ahead.

PHILADELPHIA'S SCANDAL.

It is seldom that to one city comes such

an accumulation of deplorable revelations

as is now presented in Philadelphia. City

Treasurer Bardsley is indicted in default

of heavy bonds to appear for trial on

charges of criminal misappropriation of

public money; the delinquent President of the

Spring Garden National Bank is in jail;

the President of the Keystone Bank is a

fugitive from justice. And, as if this were

not more than sufficient, the prisoner,

Bardsley, breaks down and makes such

confessions that an old city-lancer turns

THOMAS T. BARNES, was happily frus-

trated by the watchmen. The three

guards were frightened away. The guard

of the kind is not likely to occur. This is the

most outrageous kind of theft, as it affronts

the finest feelings of human nature.

Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT L. DELANEY will

begin a suit for \$25,000 against the Western

Pennsylvania Railroad for damages sus-

tained in a collision. They were on their

bridal tour at the time and were so injured

that they have spent four months in the

hospital and will never fully recover. The

sum for which they sue does not seem too

great for young people so heavily handi-

capped at their start in matrimony.

Loss of place is a light penalty for a gate-

tender who lost his head yesterday at a

Waterbury railway crossing. Helowered the

gate in front of a street car, penning it in

on the track, and stood dazed while the

passenger engine demolished the car. The

freight engine barely escaped from the con-

veyance.

A whole town, with a thousand negroes

as its population, has been decided by

court to belong to a North Carolina. If

the negroes pay rental to the new proprietor

they will not be disturbed. It is a nice

thing to own even a small town.

Son Russell says at Chicago that only

two demand of an uprising party can bring

the President's consent to a renomination.

Chicago is contributing a remarkable series

of political interviews these days.

It is not that the North Woods are saved,

but that the way is open to save them.

The Forestry Commission now has its work

to do in the country. Keep the railroad grab-

bers out.

It was too bad the bullets missed the

ghosts at BARNES' tomb. It is always

too bad when desecrators of the grave

escape.

There is a good deal of Anti-Trust in the

air. Now the Attorney-General is after the

celluloid combine.

Wars and warriors pass away, but the

call for patriotism never ceases.

There are still living memories of brave

deed.

SPOTLETS.

To let babies play on the sill of fourth-story

windows is too silly.

Jay Gould is great on his gas, but New York

is not going to pay him \$100,000 a year.

No one deserves the name of speller more

than one who would spell the North Woods.

The Masons ought to be well qualified to lodge

a complaint, if need were.

Upon her dress each year she spends

just \$1,000.

And she sits in a corner

and hums while baby bores.

The file which has the greatest number of notes

of any in the world is the Prince of Wales's son-in-law,

the Duke of Fife.

President Han has concluded that the family

had better be kept out of the house.

American emigrants take the cake. Look at the

Astors, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Mackay and "Cath."

The absence of some decency in our

temperament is not a nominal difficulty, it is a

practical one.

WORLDLINGS.

Major Andrew L. Wood, the Republican candi-

date for Governor of Kentucky, is a typical Ken-



THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.



A quaint-looking old German

immigrant had wandered

out of the large office

and taken a seat on

one of the benches in

the park for a smoke.

As I drew near I ob-

served the man with

the patent towel-rack

on the bench beside him

and heard him in-

quiring:

"Just landed in this

free and glorious country, I take it?"

"Yaw! yaw!" replied the other, nodding

his head in a vigorous manner.

"That's all right, and I'm glad to see

you, as Elder Johnson said to the man who

discovered him in the well where he had

lain all night. Now, then, you want to start

right and you'll be all right."

"Yaw! yaw!"

"Buy a kitchen towel-rack the first

thing you do. There's a dozen different

brands, but take nothing but the genuine

one. No further, patented all over the

United States, and recommended by every

unbiased man and woman from Maine to

California."

"Yaw! yaw!"

"I am no deceiver, and I wouldn't take

advantage of your innocence. Look ahead!

One pull on the towel revolves this roller

three times. Saves you a quarter of a

yard of toweling at 17 a yard, and it only

needs one tuppenny nail to hang it up. If

you've got a family of twelve, each and

every one can wipe on this roller-towel

from a week to a month, according to taste."

"Yaw! yaw!"

"While there is no burglar alarm at-

tached to it, there are no springs to get

out of order as an offset. Don't have to be

tied up in the winter nor kept on ice in

the summer, and shall work just as well

on a barn door as in a palace. It's the big-

gest thing in America to-day."

"Yaw! yaw! America!" excitedly ex-

claimed the old man.

"Don't begin life in this country by walk-

ing around on the kitchen towel," continued

the man from Huckleberry Plains. "Of

course you kin hang it on a dove knob, kick

it under the sink, or let the dog lie under

the spare bed, but then you've got to hunt

all around when you want it or wipe yer

face on the back window-curtain."

"The first one I sold was to 'Squire' Wat-

kins, of Huckleberry Plains, and he beat me

down to 15 cents, and made me take half of

it in postage-stamps. You couldn't buy it

of him now for a dollar. My son sile writes

me that he gets up nights to wash his face

and wipe on that towel. Up to the day he

got it he hadn't washed his face for thirteen

years. Isn't that the biggest sort of a re-

commend for my invention?"

"Taw! yaw! America!" said the

towel-rack man, as he revolved the roller

with great rapidity, "that our drug store

man, who once saw a ghost and shook

hands with a circus clown, and is so stuck

up he won't use N.O. molasses in his house,

said that the biggest kind of a recom-

mend for my invention."

"The biggest kind of an excitement at home

the writes me